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The North end

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The North End, a True Story of the Old Haunts.

A fifty-year perspective of the northward environs of Springfield, Illinois, 1887-1937

Aileen Graham

Allen County Public Library
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THE NORTH END

A TRUE STORY OF THE OLD HAUNTS

A FIFTY-YEAR PERSPECTIVE OF THE NORTHWARD ENVIRONS OF SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

1887--1937

by

Louis Obed Renne

Enchantment of the winter's ice and
snow,
Each spotless drift
Fair sculptured by the north winds
as they blow,
And skating there we felt a wholesome
glow,
Dame nature's gift.

The wind, the drenching rain, the
frost, the sleet,
Contribute, all,
To make the festive harvest time complete-
To make the flowers bloom--the birds
entreat,
From spring to fall.

My heart is calm, I how in silent prayer,
In thankfulness,
To gracious god for blessings here and
there--
The Sangamon and all the earth so fair,
His name we bless.

May 1942.

Eileen Archanour

The general aspect within the incorporate limits of the north end of Springfield, Illinois is much the same as it was several decades ago. Aside from the annexation of Ridgely the boundary has extended but little in the last half century compared to the expansion of the southern section of the City. The gas street lamps gave way to the carbon arc lights and these to the present incandescent. There are more sidewalks and street pavements. The old cedar blocks which were laid fifty-odd years ago on north First Street et al, have long since been replaced with brick. Some pavements are concrete and asphalt while some of the streets are natural earth several of which are surfaced with oil. Many of the old trees escaped serious damage by heavy sleet, and increasingly beautify the landscape.

Most of the fences and hitchingposts have been removed from the front of dwellings. There are quite a number of new houses---not so many vacant lots for playing "tin-can-shinney". The west half of Gehrmann's place, at First and "Gehrmann's Alley", is built up with a good class of houses. It was here before the place was divided by Second Street, when the central part was a vineyard, that we trespassing neighborhood boys gorged on stolen grapes while "forgetting" the advice of Mothers. The weathered brick mansion, facing Third Street, is still occupied and stands in its colonial dignity surrounded by fine, old trees and shrubbery. Fox's former big, brick dwelling-house a block south of Gehrmann's, has with others, given way to the coordinating hand of time.

The former impressive Littler brick home at the northeast corner of Rutledge

THE SANGAMON

Fair valley of the Sangamon I see.
Old home of mine--
The fields aglow in pleasant memory;
Each friend and lane and tree is dear
to me,
A gift divine.

The morning sunrays o'er the meadows
gleam,
And give me joy;
Oh, wood sublime, and pastureland
and stream!
How oft I close my weary eyes and
dream,
A carefree boy.

Yon plowman in a field, I see him plod;
His life is free,
A link between the sun and fertile clod,
His honest toil a prayer to mortal's God.
Thus it should be.

The golden grain, the corn, the grazing
kine,
A vision fair;
No language can portray, no word of mine.
No pen I hold make clear the scene
benign,
A haven rare.

Beneficent, the winding stream flows by,
Imparting life;
Its placid pools reflect the earth
and sky,
Its contours lend their grace to beautif;
Here is no strife.

Eileen Grchanow

and Miller, where hospitable Steve lived, was used for an emergency hospital during the World War influenza epidemic and has been torn down. Adjoining the Littler place to the east, cornering on First standing back some ten rods from the streets, is the Coleman residence, an old, gray, brick house. The simplicity of its lines expresses refinement framed in trees and spacious lawn. Snowstorms add their indescribable charm to the general setting.

Northward across First Street from Coleman's is the Bengal trim, red, brick house. Standing back from the street on west Carpenter is the Diller old, brick house. Some hundred feet from the southwest corner of Calhoun and Rutledge stands the "new" (now some 45 years old) imposing buff, pressed brick home of Frank Reisch. To the southwest in the wooded grounds is the old, red, brick house and farther southwest, facing Herndon Street, is another old brick dwelling, the former home of George Reisch. "Joe" Reisch, another brother, lived in his excellent home on north Sixth Street.

The brewery, at Rutledge and Herndon Streets, established and managed by the Reisch brothers, has resumed operation since repeal and the tall, brick chimneys are, as of old, emitting "the smoke of the ungodly". Several times in summer when I was a boy I saw a gang of the big fellows of "Goosetown" take turns in carrying on their backs a keg of beer from the brewery, making their way to the woods. Later in the evening or the next morning some of them came staggering home.

The large, gray "Art Studio" north of

and deeds and wholesome example. Seeds of kindness are not sown in vain. Kind acts are steps toward the Kingdom of God.

Yes, there have been perceptible changes in the North End brought about by various circumstances during the preceding half century, but the alterations wrought by the trend of five decades are not so great but that a wandering native upon returning feels at home in the byways among familiar sights and be oved friends. While there are quite a number of the cordial, old neighbors there, some have moved away in 'pursuit of happiness' and many have passed to the Great Beyond.

People who leave Illinois for a more congenial climate will ultimately find that they left behind something of intrinsic value which is foreign to the new location. Though central Illinois, like the vast, fertile area of the Mississippi valley, has positive winter and summer weather, inspiring spring is glorified with blossom and verdant woodlands; the song and grace of native birds add their cheer to singing brooks, and colorful autumn bountifully responds to the tillers of the soil.

During some thirty years sojourn in the Pacific Coast states, far beyond the horizon of my native commonwealth, I have met many kindly people but none more lovable than the old neighbors of the North End.

Louis Obed Renne

Eileen Gochanour

Miller on the east side of Fourth Street was the Benjamin S. Edwards brick home. On north Third near Black Avenue stand the one-time palatial homes of A.L. Ide, the old and the later domiciles. Squire Brinkerhoff lived in his brick house at the southwest corner of Eastman and Fifth. The Squire's brother, Brinkerhoff's place between Eastman and Black Avenues east of Fifth, with greenhouse and castle-like, stone-trimmed, brick residence has been acquired by the Ursuline Academy in its remarkable development. The old Arsenal still stands on the east side of Fifth, south of Carpenter Street.

It was thrilling to watch the fire department horses at drill at the engine house on Sixth and North Grand Avenue. At the signal they would dash under the suspended harness and, when bidden, gallop tensely away with the reins drawn taut, bell clapping and polished equipment whizzing along.

The former "Oak Ridge" Park at the end of north Third Street, where the pest-house stood and was burned after the smallpox epidemic of some fifty years ago, has been combined to form Lincoln Park with its lagoon, winding red-shale drives, stone pavilion and bridge and natural groves. The charm of this woodland park is not excelled by Bunn's, Washington or by any of the City parks.

Across the road west of Lincoln Park are the beautiful cemeteries, Oak Ridge and Calvary.

Reservoir Park, where we of the North End enjoyed many skating parties, is undergoing radical changes (an amphitheater is

bleeding comb, revived and ignobly made his way to the yard.

Who remembers the bridge at First and Dodge Streets and who recalls passing to and from the old Trapp School over the little, rustic footbridge that spanned a brooklet at the foot of Cline a block south of Fernandes' store? Chinquapins, elms and maples grew in the glen between Second and Rutledge Streets, and in the spring wildflowers bloomed along the moist, bluegrass banks while birds sang in the tree tops. In winter we boys gleefully coasted down the slope north of Coleman's barn on our homemade sleds. How different it is there today! The brooklet runs in an underground conduit; most of the trees have been cleared away and the little glen filled in to form a street in the march of 'progress'.

Mr. Fernandes' brick store building has been altered and is now an apartment. I vividly recall the interior of that grocery with its barrels with coal oil, vinegar and molasses, and the jugs with corncob stoppers; the lamp chimneys, slates, tablets and pencils. But what interested me most were the glass jars of mixed candies and butterscotch, barrel of brown sugar, marbles and balls. In retrospect I see Mr. Fernandes reach over the counter and hand me a shiny, striped stick of candy and, while there with Father on Saturday evening, I noticed he never forgot to put in with the grocery orders a bag of mixed candies for the children. We remember that kind neighbor for his generosity and patience when customers had no cash to pay for groceries. Many of the old neighbors I shall never forget for their kindly words

Allen Buchanan

proposed here) as also is the water-works at the river, since Lake Springfield has been completed and which is to become the source of the City water supply. The Lake with its parked shores will be the City's most extensive recreational center.

North of Sangamon Avenue--enlarged from the old County Fair tract--is the Illinois State Fair Grounds with its substantial buildings, bluegrass vistas and hardwood trees. West of the old fair ground boundary, cornering Sangamon Avenue and the former extension of north Eighth Street, was located the Creamery of William Saunders. Subsequently I became interested in a golden-haired lass, his daughter. Today there is scarcely a trace of the big house or the old Creamery building.

The industrial status of the North End has changed considerably within the last four or five decades. Two of the major industries of the community were established near the northerly boundary of the city. The Springfield Iron Works, popularly called "The Mill", and the Springfield Watch Works, called "The Watch Factory", were thriving establishments in the old days. The tall, steelbound stacks of the mill were familiar landmarks while the hum of machinery and snapping flash of welding metals, mingled with the hilarious outcry of workmen resounded afar. How permanent it all seemed to me, as we toiled there for a decade. There were huge buildings of brick, timbers and steel; there were large engines, whirling cylinders, long heaps of ore, scrap-iron, billets, sand and slag. There were long warehouses sheltering carloads of finished steel and iron

Eileen Gochanour

Eddie Mohan or Joe Shehen---and myself in his apple trees. Dwight, coming quietly, reached up and grabbed my accomplice by the ankle and mauled him with his cane. I slid down the adjoining tree and made doublequick time over the fence. Had Father passed or if Mother, from our little cottage nearby, had seen me in the act I would have received the more severe punishment. Although affectionate Father's 'thrashing' was generally a 'promise', not so with Mother who, though loving and self-sacr. ficing, was alert and when a youngster 'deserved' a flogging he generally got it 'soundly'. Her prayers for her children were supplemented by discipline. I hadn't forgotten her stern command that brother Charles and I take back to McCaffery's a half dozen feathers which we had picked up from their yard while on an errand and taken to play with at home near by! How mother worked and planned to keep the rest of the family together after Father and little Danny passed away!

In some sections of the world, the cruel practice of cockfighting is commercialized as is bullfighting etc. It was my privilege to witness an involuntary and, perhaps, unique cockfight between a Bantam and a Shanghai rooster. The arena was Merckle's pasture and I, as a boy, the audience. The big bird, incensed by the presumptious, strutting midget, plunged to dispatch him forthwith but the agile 'banty' evaded the onslaught, sometimes flying clear over the big chicken, spurring him the while. The big rooster finally became exhausted from exertion and punishment and sank to the ground. The banty rooster flew and perched on top of his incumbent foe and crew repeatedly before he strutted off with the hens. Later the big bird, with

bars, rails and trackbolts; the 45 acre yards, the ammonia works, the multi-spur tracks whereon the company locomotive switched in place the many incoming and outgoing freight-cars.

Hundreds of hardy men and a number of boys worked at the old plant which operated day and night contributing much to the prosperity of Springfield. How permanent it seemed; but this is an example of the transitory nature of material things. Today the ground is clear except for a few houses and one of the smaller buildings which has been altered and is used for a cement tile factory. The Old Mill with its din and smoke has passed away with many of the rough-natured but good-hearted, faithful workers of its day.

The Illinois Watch Company formerly employed several hundred men and women, and turned out watches of the highest grade. At present the group of brick factory buildings, in the park-like grounds, appear as a desolate unit to the nearby Sangamo Electric "Meter Works" which is a later contribution to the City's industrial development.

The old, weather-stained "New North" mine at Eleventh Street and Ridgley Avenue, like others of its kind, is still grinding out coal. The Pillsbury Flour Mills southeastward from the Meter Works, on the Wabash Railroad, is a comparatively new plant and one of the largest flour mills in the midwest. The A. L. Ide & Sons' Engine Works (foundry and machine shop) occupied the half city block between Fourth and Fifth Streets north of Madison and, later, the foundry was enlarged to include the western quarter south of Madison Street. The "IDEAL ENGINE", product of this plant for many years, was one that merited its name.

Eileen Schanen

we played ball, sheep and wolf, shinny, leapfrog, hop, step and jump, marbles etc; from where we watched the lassies pass who played hide and seek with us at times; where the coal miners and rolling mill hands trudged along with their big, tin dinner pails. Some of the blackened faced miners carried their pit lamps on their caps and some of the mill crew wore leather flaps on their heavy shoes.

The old "Town Branch" was west of the walnut grove. It ran open and foul northerly from West Grand Avenue and Calhoun and its offensive fumes kept us at a distance. From this vicinity, near Klopenburg's home and brickyard, the tower of the old west shaft loomed bleak and forbidding.

Merckle's pasture (later Boehner's; Reicks') on the south side of Elliott Avenue at the end of Franklin, in the Andrew Elliott subdivision, was a popular place, too, when there were no ill-tempered horses or cows menacing intruders. Fine, big elms were (and still grow) at the end of the extension of Franklin Avenue near the old center of the south fence and often from high in the branches came the song of a thrush. The south fence partitioned the pasture from the Bonny place and others which faced on Calhoun. Just over the fence in Bonny's rear yard was a splendid family orchard in which several varieties of apples grew. When ripe the bellflowers, rusticoats and pearmains were delicious. John Burroughs, American naturalist and author, said, "The boy is indeed the true apple-eater and is not to be questioned how he came by the fruit with which his pockets are filled. It belongs to him, and he may steal it if it cannot be had in any other way".

Dwight Bonny emphatically expressed a different opinion when he caught---was it

Strange to say, the first high school building in Springfield of a "permanent" character was located on the southeast corner of Madison and Fourth Streets where the Illinois Central railroad trains passed to attract or distract the some 200 pupils. The twelve stone-cornered, brick structure had a basement, three stories and a large attic.

There were several minor North End industries of fifty years ago, some of which are still operating---the Railroad repair shops, planing mills and cabinet shops, grist mill, soap factory, brewery, bottling works, brick yards and others which pertain to urban centers. Located north of the city, just south of Elliott's Lake was scavenger Miller's glue and fertilizer works. This was a constructive business but the boys in general called the place, "Stink Miller's".

The South End has made remarkable growth in the industrial field during the last few decades. Heretofore the chief industrial establishments located there were the Racine-Sattley Plow Factory, the Springfield Boiler Works, the Woolen Mills and, perhaps, the Journal and Register newspaper Publishing plants might be included in the southward business enterprises. Today (1937) there are several large manufacturing plants in the southern part of Springfield---the Hummer Manufacturing Company, successors to the Racine-Sattley plow works, the Allis Chalmers Tractor Company, the Weaver Garage Equipment Company, the Shanklin Metal Specialties Manufacturing Company, Heineke Agriculture Machinery Manufacturing Company, the Springfield Boiler Makers Company, the Springfield Clay Products Company; the American Radiator Plant, the Municipal Power and Light Plant, the Springfield Brewing Com-

Eileen Graham

houn. On warm, summer evenings, Henry or Kit Keefner would wheel jovial, plump George in his high-backed invalid chair from his home near Dodge to the corner of First Street and Elliott Avenue near the Goup-Worth greenhouse. Here beside the horse trough and under the glare of the arc light, amid myriads of candle moths and a group of reclining boys, George would tell stories and compose comical rhymes. I am sure that we sometimes annoyed the nearby neighbors with our pranks and boisterous mirth. George Bancroft personified friendliness.

Monsignor M. J. Torrent ("Mikey") was born and reared at the family residence on the northeast corner of Elliott and Franklin Avenues.

The Reverend William Ashbrook and many others also highly worthy of note were of the North End.

"Back of Reicks'" verdurous home on Rutledge Street between Calhoun and Elliott, was a favorite rendezvous for some of the local youngsters. Willie Reicks, while working in his big, brick "sausage kitchen" hard by, would sometimes let the neighborhood boys in and give them a sample of liverworst. We tapped the tall sugarmaples and drank the sap greedily, and it was out of one of those big trees near Reicks' that I fell to the ground and was helped home by my playmates. For several weeks thereafter Father and Mother treated me as the "baby" rather than the gentle, year/old brother, Danny.

There were other vacant lots and broad commons to the north and west of Goose town where we gathered nuts and wild fruit; where

pany, the Smith Chemical Works, the Springfield Mattress Factory, the Poston Brick Manufacturing Company, the Baker Road Machine Manufacturing Company, the International Shoe Manufacturing Company, the Laurie Hydraulic Press Manufacturing Company, coal mines such as practically circle the City, besides bakeries, garages, laundries etc.

St. John's Hospital at Eighth and Mason Streets and the Springfield Hospital located on Fifth and North Grand Avenue (the latter built around the old home of Dr. Langdon) might both be termed North End institutions.

While two of the splendid high schools are located westerly from Lincoln Plaza, "The Square", the North End has the new Lamphiar high school and baseball diamond in Lamphiar Park north of North Grand Avenue and east of 12th Street, the Ursuline Academy, Concordid Seminary besides its quota of churches, counteractive barrooms, and primary and intermediate schools. The Second Methodist Church, where we attended Sunday School fifty years ago, held meetings on the site of the "Culver Flats" a block south of the present stone building.

I well remember the old Trapp (Douglas) School (at present Armbruster's tent warehouse) located between First and Second Streets on the north side of Mason. I visualize the old, red, brick building before the east and west wings were added, and the buoyant life there of half a century ago. Sister Olive saved her slate and McGuffy's Reader, which revive pleasant memories of

Eileen Gorhauer

boys did other odd jobs in the North End.

I remember trying to turn a galloping horse rightabout on north Bond Street for Mr. Marshall when I was about ten. The horse, with mane and tail flying high, disdained to consider the mere assuming barrier and knocked me sprawling on the ground as he charged over me. I got to my feet rubbing the stinging bruises while the clatter of hoofs and an outburst of laughter barraged my eardrums. To this day, I do not know whether Mr. Marshall's laugh was one of careless delight or of involuntary expression caused by the unique performance of his horse. "The scalawag" was his comment as he started toward the barn lot to get his saddlehorse and pursue the runaway. John Marshall often could be seen riding horseback in the North End, driving his flocks and herds of sheep, hogs, stock-cattle and horses.

Mr. Cackley was another stockdealer of the North End. I saw him many times and always, he was in the saddle. He was an elderly, graybearded man. His pony was gray and so was his dog. How well that trio drove livestock! Mr. Cackley was an excellent horseman and managed his flocks and herds well and in a quiet manner. A motion of his hand was enough to let his well trained dog know which way to turn the stock. His gray pony responded to his touch and his low voice. His success in his work and the harmony of his faithful, carefully taught animals were due to his good judgment rather than to physical force.

George Bancroft, the invalid Civil War veteran, who was a comrade in Father's regiment, will be remembered by the boys who lived in the neighborhood of First and Cal-

the old school days. The playground for the squealing girls was to the west of the building, and that for the boys, to the east. There was a high board fence separating the two. The only time I ever saw girls in the boy's yard was when some of them ran out on that side of the building during a fire alarm.

At the front of the yard was a large well with a pump on each side of the close-boarded fence which, at the well, sloped down to the picket one at the south side on Mason Street. There were a number of dented tin cups in the wooden troughs, and more water fights than drinking occurred there. Miss Lizzie Schlitz was a real disciplinarian and when she caught a rowdy in mischief, whether of her room or not, her chastisement was a thing remembered. She did not "spare the rod and spoil the child". Yes, I know from experience since the time she caught two other boys and myself at the stair landing after we had run down pellmell. Attracted by our clattering, descending footsteps Miss Schlitz came out of her room below and caught us at the foot of the stairs where she "attended" to us, each in his turn. I feel that shaking to this day. There were also Miss Augusta Schlitz, Miss Sell, Miss Minor, Miss Armstrong, Miss Stockdale, Miss Pran et al. Mr. Anderson was a steady, proficient principal.

Looking backward to "boyhood's time in June" and in other months, I ramble again in the old byways. Within and about the North End there were many places beckoning the inquisitive, venturesome youth. As we stroll along the road the dust is hot under our calloused, bare feet; mullen, ironweed and cone-

Eileen Gochenour

ule" by his big watch, that the driver gave each cowherd a chew of his black plug tobacco. Never before had I been conscious that the world spins on its axis. Only once since have I tried "to be a man" by using tobacco; then again the earth took one of its mad whirls. Ever since that day, long past and of lasting memory, I have been contented, yea happy, in remaining just a boy!

To the west of the Monument, Lauderback's brickyard, Steiger's slaughterhouse and areas of timber and pasture land have given way to the expansion of Oak Ridge Cemetery, the Elysian City of the Dead.

To the northwest of the city, cornering West Grand and North Grand Avenues, was Camp Lincoln. Here militarism influenced the boys with its spirited brassband music, dress parade, artillery and flying banners. The uniforms too, attracted the boys as did the bunting-draped refreshment stands which lined North Grand Avenue near the Camp entrance where criers shouted their wares. Grandfather Renne's home, with orchard where the big apples grew, was across the road west of Camp Lincoln.

Occasionally, fifty-odd years ago, Joe Rock, the cripple, could be seen riding through the North End on his donkey, singing waggishly and lashing his mount. He was a queer combination of infirmity, poverty and gayety.

John Marshall, the stock dealer of north Rutledge Street, was a good neighbor. He died a few years ago at the age of 95. In vacation I made a few dimes by cutting thistles in his pasture by the creek and we

flowers bedeck the roadside; the tall corn rustles in the breeze; the wheatfields glisten in the sunlight and the reapers are garnering the fragrant timothy and clover while the bobwhite calls cheerfully from the rail fence. An elderly farmer passes with a wagonload of peaches and apples and tosses several out to us diverting our attention, for the moment, from our can of "fishworms" and improvised tackle.

Who does not feel a tinge of regret that the picturesque, covered Chinquapin and creek bridges have passed and that the winding, tree-lined roadway, fringed with black-eyed Susans, is no more. The Sangamon river, for many years the source of Springfield's water supply, always held mystery and charm. It seemed to carry messages from its faraway headwaters as it hurried along its wooded banks to join the Illinois and Mississippi in their course to the gulf. In flood season the Sangamon deposited fuel in the lowlands; picnics and fishing were enjoyed under its overhanging trees, despite the mosquitoes, and swimming was risky pleasure in its sheltered coves, though treacherous eddies and deep holes with submerged snags have taken the lives of several bathers among whom was David S. Griffiths, who was drowned while mayor of Springfield in 1907.

There were safer places for swimmers, and nature provided our swim suits; there was Horseshoe Lake, northward from the old waterworks; Elliott's Lake; the muddy-banked Spring Creek; the swimming pool at Reisch's dam (which was a source of the brewery's ice) and there was the frog pond west of Boehner's and Riecks' slaughterhouses. It

Eileen Gorhauer

the fall our hands and jeans were well dyed from hulling black walnuts.

Carpenter's Park, north of Springfield, bordering the river, has long been an enchanting, dense wildwood. This natural grove perpetuates the name of William Carpenter, a pioneer of 1820, who built a mill of local stone there on the river bank.

During vacation, some fifty years ago, as schoolboys of the elementary grades, we herded cows on the commons in close range to the Lincoln Monument. The granite spire always elicited our veneration.

The echo of the horsecar and of the tinkling bell suspended from the horse's collar come over the breeze from long ago. The Rutledge Street horsecar line used to cross a high trestle near the tomb some 500 feet north of Miller's pond at the end of Franklin and Oak Ridge Avenues. The old ice pond at the southeast corner of Oak Ridge and Franklin Avenues, where in zero weather a crew of men cut ice and where we glided with our heelplate, toeclamp skates, has, through the years, been filled in. The old, brick icehouse, where in late summer we romped in the deep sawdust, is but a memory. McCarty's brickyard, just south of the old icehouse has been superseded by the rapid production of the "Poston Brick Manufacturing Company". Lauderback's hand-brickyard too, has passed with many of the old landmarks which were under the shadow of Lincoln's Monument.

The horsecar terminus of former days, at the trestle near the Monument and Tomb, has been annexed to Oak Ridge. It was at the trestle, while waiting for his return "sched-

was from the springboard at Reisch's dam that my oldest brother, Herb and one-armed Tom Mulvy compelled me, after I had promised and tried to back out, to dive for the first time into deep water. It was not a graceful dive, and when I reached the surface I vigorously stroked dog-fashion for the bank. Tommy yelled, "Take yer toime, take yer toime!" He and Brother treaded and played around in the water like ducks.

Herbert was a constant, elder brother and though his own work was strenuous he helped me at the mill when I was fagged. While out swimming, brother Charles and Eddie Mohan rescued me from the frog pond after I had turned under the barrel on which we had been alternately floating and doing tricks. We got our first mess of frog legs at this pond. George and Tom Boehner, when butchering, occasionally gave us boys a steer bladder to blow up for a football with which we played till smudged with dust and broken.

Mohans, at their place on the south side of Elliott Avenue near First Street, had horses and dairy cows and delivered milk daily, measuring it individually from big cans hauled about in the typical enclosed wagon. The neighborhood boys envied Eddie because of his bicycle and he who got to ride on that high-front-wheeled velocipede was indeed fortunate, especially if he didn't go tumbling far down to the ground. The old neighbors will remember Blucher--no, not the Prussian Field Marshall--but Edward's big, thickset, brindle mastiff. He never bothered passers-by nor annoyed people by prowling. He was a good watchdog and a splendid companion to us cowherds. One morning on Rutledge near North Grand Avenue, Eddie and Charley and I with the cows and Blucher were passing northward to herd the milk cows on the open range. Two firemen were flushing the street hydrant near the town limit. Their trim, two-horse runabout was standing nearby. As we passed, their square-jawed bulldog barked, bristling menacingly and started toward Blucher who responded with a deep growl. Forthwith, in commanding tone, the firemen yelled for us to keep our dog back if we "didn't want him killed"! "Ho", Eddie replied, "keep your dog back if you don't want him killed!" "I'll not warn you again" cried one of the firemen, as he reached for the bulldog's collar, "this dog has killed three in his time!" We defiantly yelled back, "He won't kill Blucher. Let him go!"

The angry dogs "got at it" and it was an alarming battle. Blucher was trained never to start a fight but when pressed into one he had always finished it. A throat-hold is their aim--and they hold on--but the bulldog found his superior and soon went down and stretched out, with Blucher's massive jaws choking off his wind. The firemen acknowledged with good grace that their dog was "licked" and asked us to call the mastiff away. With much coaking and water-dashing we all finally separated them and we boys proudly strode off with Blucher.

Eileen Goodman

Along the wooded bottoms of the river and creek, berries and game were found in season, while in the upland timber between Springfield and the Sangamon there were bountiful crops of various wild nuts, crabapples, red haws and the like. We roving youngsters knew where to find them, and in

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LOUIS O. RENNE

Memorial services for Louis Obed Renne, 94, of Palo Alto, Calif., formerly of Springfield, author of the book "Lincoln and the Land of the Sangamon," published in 1945 were held October 27 at Palo Alto. His ashes were buried Tuesday in the family plot in Oak Ridge Cemetery.

Mr Renne, who died October 5, worked in the old rolling mill in Springfield, when he wrote an account of those days in "The Old Mill, a True Story of the Ridgely Iron Works and Brief Sketches of the Hardy Toilers of Its Day," which was published in the centennial edition, Illinois State Journal, Nov. 8, 1931.

For many years, Mr. Renne resided in Idaho and Washington and was an instructor under the Department of Engineering at Washington State University during World War I

Try to get this to Neal

Eileen Shannon

I.S.R. 6-16-50

How It Was Named

Large Flocks Of Geese Brought Name Of 'Goosetown'

By Betty Andruskevitch.

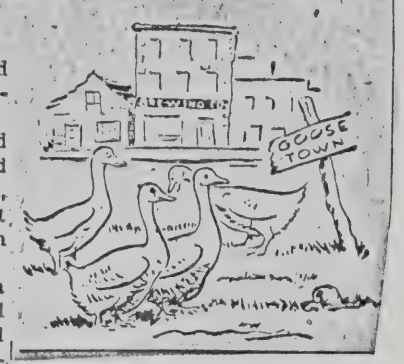
Know where Goosetown is?

There's a section of Springfield still called that by many older residents. How did it get its name?

Goosetown was the name applied to that section of town bounded by North Grand Ave. on the north, Carpenter St. on the south, First St. on the east and Walnut St. on the west.

The name was more or less a natural 50 years ago, because all the residents of that area raised large flocks of geese. Reisch Brothers brewery, at 723 N. Rutledge St., dumped large lots of spent malt, a waste product of the beer they made—and the malt made excellent feed for geese.

There aren't any more geese raised in Goosetown now, but that doesn't change it's name. Just talk to an oldtimer from that part of Springfield—it always has been and always will be Goosetown to him.



Eileen Schanen

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